

GRANT, ULYSSES S.  
FAMILY

DRAWER 9B

GENERALS (UNION)

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# Civil War Officers Union

Ulysses S. Grant  
Family

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

# GEN. GRANT'S MOTHER.

Interview with Mrs. Jesse Grant—Recollections of Her Son.

This morning a *Graphic* reporter called upon Mrs. Jesse Grant, the venerable mother of the ex-President, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Corbin, of Jersey City. In response to an inquiry as to when she expected her son, Mrs. Grant said: "Indeed, the newspapers seem to know more about it than we do. At least so Mr. Corbin says. For myself, I never read anything but the *Christian Advocate*, published in Cincinnati."

"And is that because the paper is religious or because it is from Cincinnati?" the reporter ventured to inquire.

"Well," said the lady, smiling, "principally because it is religious, though I am very much inclined to like anything from Cincinnati. You know I have lived in Ohio most of the time since I was a girl of 20, and so many of my old friends live there that my heart clings to it," she concluded, with her tear-dimmed eyes,

"But most of your family are here?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Grant, brightening up, "and now I have ten grandchildren, one great-grandchild and my own four children. Once I had six, but the son next to Ulysses died a number of years ago, and when he was prospering finely, and then my dear daughter Clara passed away. There is a picture of her," continued the old lady, pointing with pride to a large portrait in oil of a young girl, a perfect brunette, and, though not beautiful in figure, having a strong, expressive face. "Then," resumed Mrs. Grant, "There is my daughter, Mrs. Cramer, who lives in Denmark; her husband occupies a governmental position, you know. She has a lovely little daughter; and here are some of her (Mrs. Cramer's) paintings." The paintings were landscapes of foreign and home scenery, some of them of considerable merit.

"You are very proud of your children?" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," said the old lady, with a satisfied smile, "they are pretty good, take them on the whole, but it's no easy thing to bring up a family."

The writer, having only made the experiment theoretically, agreed, and inquired what of a baby Ulysses was.

"Oh, very fair, though I don't know as he is any different from the rest of them, but people seem to think I'll say so now. He was always a steady, serious sort of boy, who took everything in earnest; even when he played he made a business of it."

"You expect to see him soon?"

"Yes, my grandsons Ulysses and Jesse have come to San Francisco to meet him. They think he will arrive on Saturday. Then he is coming through East. I hear they have got his house in Galena that the folks there gave him all in readiness, even to the servants, but," she continued, bridling up a little, "I know he will come first to see his mother."

"Where will he reside this winter?"

"Maybe in Washington, maybe in New York, maybe in Philadelphia, maybe—but, dear me, there are lots of places to live in, and there's no telling what he will do. One thing I do know, though, and that is, he and Mrs. Grant will be glad to have a rest. You see, the Europeans like fighting men, and they have been feasting and dining him until I expect the poor boy's clear worn out."

"Then you won't approve of any demonstrations here?"

"No, indeed, we are not a demonstrative family," said the sweet old lady. "None of us care a penny for all the demonstrations in the world."—*New York Graphic*.

9/16/1879



## MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL GRANT AND JEFFERSON DAVIS  
SECOND COUSINS.

IT will be news to many persons, even to such as are pretty well read in the genealogies of great men, to hear that Gen. U. S. Grant and Jefferson Davis were relatives, having a common ancestor in the third generation back, in William Simpson, of Bucks county, Pa., who was grandfather to both General Grant's mother and Jefferson Davis's father. So says Mr. Washington Davis, of New York, in *The Herald* of August 25, who backs his assertion with documentary proof. Mr. Davis says that he had always regarded the rumor of the Grant-Davis relationship as mere fiction until very recently, when he had occasion to turn the leaves of some old family records which gave him some definite statements. We quote from his letter:

"I will try, first, fairly to trace the three preceding generations of General Grant on his mother's side. His right name was Ulysses Simpson Grant. A book entitled 'Ancestry of General Grant,' by Edward Chauncey Marshall, published in 1869, is the authentic family history, according to Col. Frederick Dent Grant, now Commissioner of Police for New York city.

"From this and other books and documents in my possession, it appears that General Grant's mother was Miss Hannah Simpson, daughter of John Simpson and granddaughter of William Simpson, of Bucks county, Pa.

"An extract from a private letter written by General Grant's father, Jesse Root Grant, is sufficient testimony to the high character and inherent merit of the Simpsons and to their origin. The date of the letter has not been transmitted. The part referred to is taken from page 65 of the 'Ancestry of General Grant,' and is as follows:

"Miss (Hannah) Simpson was the second daughter and third child of John Simpson, and was born and brought up in Montgomery county, Pa., twenty miles from Philadelphia. Mr. Simpson was a highly respectable farmer of American ancestry for several generations. None of the family connections were ever aspirants for fame or political notoriety, but were more solicitous as to their standing in regard to integrity, veracity, and independence. The family had removed to Ohio a few years previously and settled in Clermont county."

The "Life of John Davis," we are told, is "the logbook by which every real Pennsylvania Davis swears." The manuscript for it was prepared from old documents in possession of various branches of the family, covering a period of nearly two hundred years. The work was done and published for private circulation in 1886, by Gen. W. W. H. Davis, now living at Doylestown, Pa., who was an officer in the Mexican war, Brigadier-General in the Union army of our Civil War, later Governor of New Mexico, and United States Commissioner to the 1878 Paris Exposition. On page 30 of the "Life of John Davis" are these statements:

"John Davis married Ann Simpson, daughter of William Simpson, on June 26, 1783.

"William Simpson was a soldier of the Revolution. We have no record of his service, and can not say when, nor how long, he served in the Continental army. Born in 1732, he is supposed to have emigrated from the north of Ireland, between 1748 and 1750, and settled in Buckingham township, Bucks county, Pa. He made application to purchase one hundred acres of land January 15, 1766, and the deed was executed by John Penn, May 23, 1767. He married Nancy Hines, of New Britain, was the father of two sons and two daughters—John and Matthew, and Ann and Mary. Matthew removed to near Zanesville, Ohio, in 1810; John lived and died in the country; Ann married John Davis. William Simpson died in 1816, aged eighty-four. . . . General Grant's mother descended from the Bucks county Simpsons."

Mr. Washington Davis goes on with the story as follows:

"The difference between Montgomery county in Jesse Root Grant's letter and Bucks county in General Davis's statement is very slight. Montgomery county was a part of Philadelphia until 1784. Both join the present city of Philadelphia, on the west and north, and the entire territory where the early Davises and Simpsons lived is within a radius of about forty miles from the present Public Building in Philadelphia.

"Thus, General Grant's great-grandfather was William Simp-

son, who was father of John Simpson, who was father of Mrs. Grant. The Roots also married with the Grants in Ohio, and the present and preceding generation of Roots claim a first cousinship with the Ohio Davises.

"During Jefferson Davis's last illness he was prevailed upon by his friends to dictate a short statement of his ancestry, and, tho very feeble, he made a short dictation. His first statement was: 'Three brothers came to America from Wales, in the early part of the eighteenth century. They settled at Philadelphia.'

"Then he meagerly traced his lineage back through Samuel Davis, his father. The life of Jefferson Davis has been ably written by his wife, Mrs. Varina J. Davis. The history of the Philadelphia Davises can be read by any one sufficiently interested. The names of David Davis, and of the innumerable lawyers, physicians, and literary men, are easily traced. Through John Davis, it appears, William Simpson was great-grandfather of Jefferson Davis, as well as of General Grant, thus making these men direct second cousins. . . . There are more than five hundred descendants in the United States at the present time, who are about equally related to both General Grant and Jeffer-

son Davis."

# Three Generations of Grants.

*BY W. FREEMAN DAY.*

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR SOLDIER AND PRESIDENT, HIS SON,  
NOW A BRIGADIER-GENERAL, AND HIS GRANDSON, SERVING AS  
A LIEUTENANT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

**I**N the United States, the continuance of a family pursuit or the maintenance of a family fame throughout three generations represents an honorable antiquity. It is unusual, though scarcely phenomenal. There are solid business concerns in which grandfather, father, and son have been engaged. The Vanderbilts are the pre-eminent American example of persistence in one pursuit, from the days when the commodore's ferry-boat plied from Staten Island to the Battery, until now when the great network of rails stretches from New York to the great Northwest. The Astors, too, have displayed a com-



LIEUTENANT ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (BORN 1881), SON OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL  
FREDERICK D. GRANT, AND GRANDSON OF PRESIDENT GRANT.





BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT (BORN 1850), ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT, AND NOW COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE LAKES.

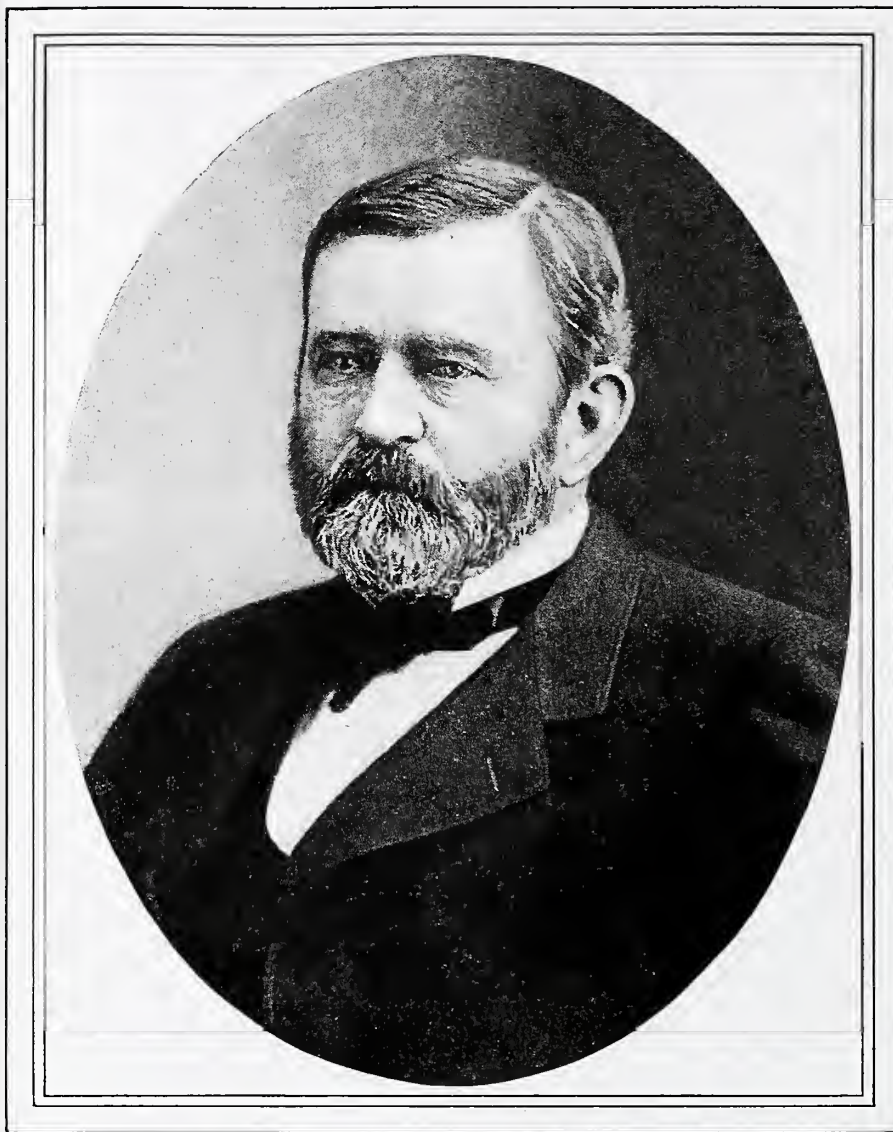
mendable constancy in the acquisition and holding of real estate. In business, in capitalism, and in society three generations of greatness are not unknown.

But three generations of devotion to impersonal interests is another matter. And in spite of all the contumely that peace congresses can heap upon war, and the scorn with which they can visit warriors, the profession of arms is not one of personal gain. To say of a family that it boasts a straight line of fighting

men is to say that it boasts a straight line of idealists; and to say that it boasts a line of distinguished fighting men is to call the idealists talented.

#### THE ARMY RECORD OF THE GRANTS.

The Grant family cannot say that yet. Ulysses S. Grant, son of General Frederick D. Grant, is not yet a seasoned warrior. Only recently graduated from West Point, he is now serving with an engineer corps in the Philip-



GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (1822-1885), THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WAS THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

pires. His father, also a graduate of the Military Academy, is in command of the Department of the Lakes.

As a little lad, Lieutenant Grant was one of the hopes and comforts of his famous grandfather's last years. One of the last things the great soldier did, when he lay under the shadow of approaching death, was to write a letter addressed to the President of the United States in 1896, asking that the boy should, if still alive at that date,

then eleven years in the future, be admitted as a cadet at West Point. It fell to Mr. Cleveland to receive this message from the dead hand of his predecessor, and of course the request was granted.

The stories of the entrance of the three generations of Grants into West Point are as different as the records of their military careers are likely to be. The last two have entered with the prestige of their brilliant father and grandfather to assure their position;



they have come from homes of wealth and distinction.

Ulysses S., the first, lived in a small Ohio village, where, as he says in his "Memoirs," he did as much work while young "as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and I attended school at the same time." He hauled wood from the fifty-acre tract which was among his father's possessions to their house in the village. From the time he was eleven until he entered West Point at sixteen, he did all the plowing on the land, and cared for two or three horses and a cow or two. He early developed a knowledge of horses which distinguished him to the end of his life. It was said of him during the Civil War that he esteemed a good horse second only to a good soldier.

From this pioneer and typically American background, Ulysses was appointed to West Point through one of the Senators from Ohio. He tells the story himself:

In the winter of 1838-9 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it, he said to me:

"Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" I inquired.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said.

He said he thought I would, and I thought so too if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the acquirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing.

#### THE GREAT SOLDIER'S ELDEST SON.

Fred Grant, as the present commander of the Department of the Lakes was familiarly called during the period when his father's public life made all the family public characters, did not get his first taste of military life on the campus by the Hudson. He had elected, at the ripe age of twelve, to view the Vicksburg campaign, and apparently his parents allowed him a liberty of action which had not been conspicuous in his father's bringing-up. He accompanied the great commander all through the campaign, causing, as the "Memoirs" fondly tell, "no anxiety, either to me or to his mother, who was

at home. He looked out for himself, and was in every battle of the campaign. His age, then not quite thirteen, enabled him to take in all he saw, and to retain a recollection of it that would not be possible in more mature years."

Occasionally, to be sure, the general would try to slip away from the boy, as this incident shows:

On leaving Bruinsburg for the front, I left my son Frederick on board of one of the gunboats, asleep, and hoped to get away without him, until after Grand Gulf should fall into our hands; but on waking up he learned that I had gone, and, being guided by the sound of battle raging at Thompson's Hill, found his way to where I was. He had no horse to ride at the time, and I had no facilities for even preparing a meal. He therefore foraged around the best he could until we reached Grand Gulf.

After this taste of war, West Point, when he entered it, must have seemed a little tame to the great soldier's son. Even the Spanish war, in which he was a brigadier-general of volunteers—having resigned from the army to enter civil life, in the meantime—gave him no opportunity for such stern and stirring work as he could remember.

#### THE EARLIER GRANTS.

Had President Grant's father—that stern Jesse whose views as to his son's aptitude for West Point were so quickly adopted by his son—been of warlike disposition, the young lieutenant in the Philippines would be the fifth soldier in direct succession among the Grants. The President's grandfather, Noah, was with a Connecticut company in the Revolution, serving from Bunker Hill until the fall of Yorktown, and coming out a captain.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the whole pitiful story of President Grant's last losing fight—the inch by inch struggle with agonizing disease—tells of his passing West Point on his way to Mount McGregor, where he was to die. He looked across the river to the bluff, green and fair in the early summer sunshine. He was unable to speak, but he pressed his wife's hand that she, too, might look, and he smiled, recalling who knows what of the country boy who had feared to enter the Academy, and who had brought such new luster to its renown!



Who De  
Finals  
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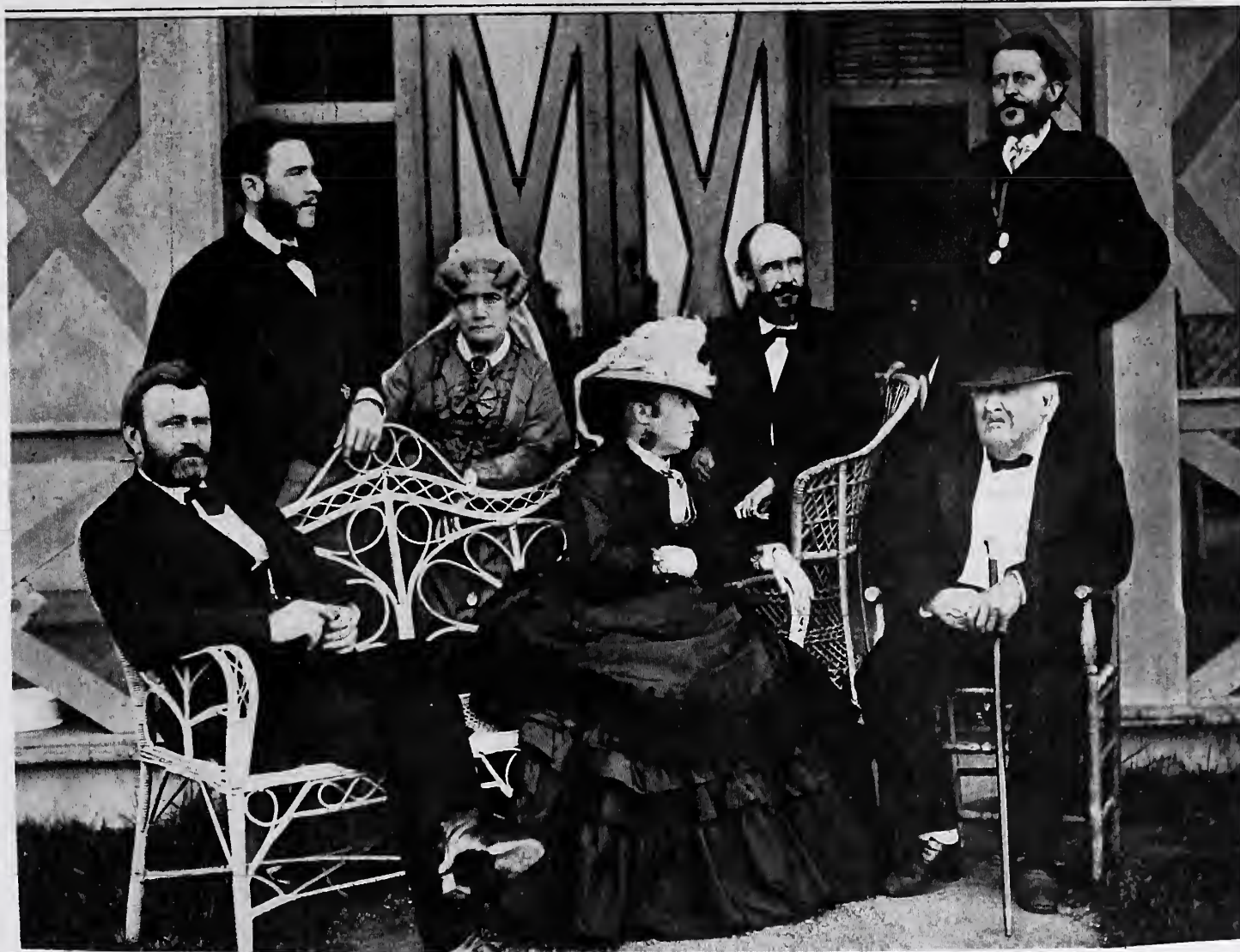
THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER  
OF GENERAL GRANT:  
PRINCESS IRINA CANTACUZENE  
at a Children's Party Which Opened  
the Playroom of the Palmer House  
in Chicago.  
(Times Wide World Photos, Chicago  
Bureau.)

NEIGHBO  
of New York



New York Times  
Sept. 7, 1937  
1937

# Seven Decades of American Celebrities in a Photographic Exhibit



General Ulysses S. Grant, Mrs. Grant and Colonel Frederick Dent, her father, occupy the front row in one of the earliest photographs in Pach Brothers' exhibition, "American Personalities Through Seven Decades," to be held Oct. 11 to 23 in their New York studio. The firm, which has photographed so many American celebrities through the past seventy years, may well regard General Grant as its patron saint. He not only sat for the two young brothers but in 1867 handed to them \$1,000, the joint contribution of George W. Childs and Anthony Drexel, which enabled them to buy the equipment they needed to start them in business in Long Branch, N. J. Since that time the firm's photographs have included all the Presidents and many other leading figures in the nation's life, so that the October exhibition presents a widely diversified record of American history covering the period from the Civil War to the present.

(All photos © Pach Bros.)



Julia Marlowe, one of the most distinguished of American actresses, in a photograph dating from the turn of the century.





**WHITE HOUSE HER BIRTHPLACE** — Madame Cantacuzene, 90-year-old granddaughter of President Ulysses S. Grant, presented this study Monday night in the White House. Born in the White House, the former Julia Grant married Russian Prince Michael Cantacuzene in 1899 at Newport, R.I. She was one of the guests of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson at a White House reception. (AP Wirephoto)

INDIANAPOLIS STAR 11/30/66



## Nellie Grant Sartoris.



AS STATED in The Herald's special Washington correspondence Friday morning Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, the daughter of the late General Grant, was restored to American citizenship at a special session Thursday of the house committee on foreign affairs, Congressman William Alden Smith, presiding. Mrs. Sartoris lost her citizenship when she married Algernon Sartoris in 1874, and went to live with him in England. The Sartoris-Grant wedding took place in the White house and was a grand affair. Her reception in England was as sincere as the regrets which followed her when she expatriated herself. She lived in England until recently. There her children were brought up and her husband's people were devoted to her and her little ones. The marriage, as everyone knows, turned out unhappily, and when Mr. Sartoris died his widow's friends felt a decided relief. Mrs. Sartoris is a year or two past 40, but preserves a wonderfully youthful appearance. She is slightly under the medium height with the figure of a girl. Her abundant black hair makes a pretty frame for her rounded face in which the color comes and goes. Her voice is low and gentle and her manner quiet and refined. Mrs. Sartoris has a son and two daughters. Algernon Edward is a manly young fellow who looks older than his 19 years. Miss Vivian May Sartoris is a typical English girl, who is proud that she is half American. Rose Mary Sartoris, her younger sister, is now pursuing her studies in Georgetown convent, and promises to be a beautiful woman.

The bill for her restoration to American citizenship, was introduced by Representative Pearson of North Carolina and was promptly referred to the committee.

they represent. Arrangements for the son of Chicago. Only a small number of public meeting on Wednesday, May 1st, were present during which a address





# LOYAL LEGION BULLETIN

## MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION

OF THE UNITED STATES, FOUNDED 15, APRIL, 1865

Commander-in-Chief, Lenahan O'Connell  
Sr. Vice Commander-in-Chief, Lt. Col. Brooke M. Lessig

Henry K. McHarg, 3rd, Editor  
1805 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

Jr. Vice Commander-in-Chief, Charles A. Brady, Jr.  
Recorder-in-Chief, H. Durston Saylar, II

VOL. 24, NO. 4

OCTOBER, 1968



Major General Ulysses S. Grant 3rd (U.S.A. Ret.)

## A MEMORABLE FRIEND

The 34th Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, 3rd, U.S. Army, Retired, has gone to his eternal rest. All those of us in the Loyal Legion who knew him personally know that we lost a true friend and sincere gentleman. Over the many years he participated in our meetings his counsel was always sought after and greatly respected. He was a man of vast experience both in the military annals of his country and in business and academic life. My own association with the General extends over a period of about 30 years and was first present at a Lincoln Day Ceremony when President Franklin Roosevelt attended and General Grant was in charge of the Loyal Legion participation. During the 2nd World War I almost had the pleasure of serving under him at Fort Leonard Wood, but events just didn't work out that way.

He always took an active interest in having us maintain and carry on the D.C. Commandery and the Lincoln Day celebration, and I am sure if it hadn't been for his backing

*(Continued on page 3)*

## The National Capital: Reminiscences of 65 Years

By U. S. Grant, 3rd

On learning that my first visit to Washington had been in the same year as the founding of The Columbia Historical Society, the Committee in charge of the 65th Anniversary Dinner insisted upon my sketching my recollections of the changes that have occurred since then in our City.

My first sight of the Washington Monument from the train and my first visit to Washington were in the autumn of 1894, when I was brought here by my Father to call on President Cleveland and ask him to appoint me to the U. S. Military Academy, if he were still President when I reached the age of admission. This he readily agreed to do, but pointed out that I was still several years under age and he would probably not be in the White House then.

Washington was then still something of an overgrown village. There were vacant lots within the old L'Enfant plan, the small city parks, while improved and already adorned with many statues, had not been landscaped. The architecture of even some of the finer residences was varied and mixed (too often what Tom Hastings called "American Ironic") but mitigated and softened by the splendid street trees dating from "Boss" Shepherd's reign; a few old Federal Buildings stood as examples of the good taste of previous generations, and the White House in its park-like setting was a fine jewel, while the Capitol looked at it down Pennsylvania Avenue and the recently completed Washington Monument stood guard "in precious isolation."

It is worth recording, as few of you are old enough to remember it, that at that time on entering the north entrance of the White House you were confronted with the Tiffany stained glass partition that was located about where the first row of columns now stand, built in the Arthur administration to give some privacy to the main east-west hallway. We were then led up a small flight of stairs on the left into the small room that must have been the one occupied during Civil War days by Mr. Hay. He once told of being there one evening late vainly trying to make an intrusive and aggressive caller understand he could not see the President, when the latter

*(Continued on page 4)*



## Announcements

**D.C. COMMANDERY**—The Spring meeting of the D.C. Commandery was held on June 18th at Dacor House in Washington, D.C. Only 5 Companions attended. Commander McHarg said he could no longer carry on the work of the D.C. Commandery as he has moved out of the immediate area. He would see them through the next February 12th ceremony and luncheon. Also the D.C. Commandery would have to have a guaranteed fund each year to pay someone to handle the letters, telephone calls, tickets, and the myriad of details involved in this event. The Commandery does not have any endowment and even has difficulty collecting dues promptly, so that it cannot be expected to finance this annual event, he said. In fact, in view of the apathy shown by even the Companions who reside in the Washington metropolitan area, Commander McHarg questioned the propriety of continuing the Commandery. He wondered if anyone would come forward to take over the reins.

Before adjourning the meeting, the Commander said that he planned to discuss the situation with the Commander-in-Chief with a view to having some action taken at the next meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief in Chicago in October.

—Frederick D. Hunt, *Acting Commander*

**MASSACHUSETTS COMMANDERY**—The following officers were elected by the Commandery: William H. Shreve—Commander; Frederick L. Dabney—Senior Vice Commander; Langdon W. Mead, Jr.—Junior Vice Commander; Herbert A. Sawyer—Recorder; Preston S. Lincoln—Curator and Librarian; C. Terry Collins—Treasurer. Selection of the ROTC award winners at the following universities is in the process of being made: University of Mass., Amherst, Boston Univ., Harvard Univ., Mass. Institute of Technology, Northeastern Univ., and Tufts Univ. Also four \$100 prizes will be awarded in American History to students at the University of Mass. The Massachusetts Commanderies famous photograph collection and library has been accepted on a permanent loan basis by the University of Massachusetts, and the Commandery will be permitted to use their old quarters for all of their meetings.

—Preston S. Lincoln, *Curator and Librarian*

**NEW YORK COMMANDERY**—The Commandery announces the following events for this season: A special bus trip to West Point on October 12th for the Army vs. California game, 40 tickets to be shared equally with the Sons of the Revolution, chartered buses leave headquarters at 4 West 43rd St., at 8:50 A.M.; the annual shoot at the Sandanona Pheasantry at Millbrook, New York on Sunday, October 20th; a box at the opening night of the National Horse Show at the New Madison Square Garden on Tuesday, Nov. 5th; fall meeting and dinner at the Union Club, Wednesday, Nov. 13th.

—Ivan Obolensky, *Commander*

**PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDERY**—Meeting and dinner of the Board of Officers on Sept. 18th at the Rittenhouse Club. The Dames of the Loyal Legion of Pennsylvania had a special reception on Sunday, Sept. 22, at the Headquarters, 1805 Pine Street in Philadelphia. The annual dinner dance will be held at the Union League Club of Philadelphia on Nov. 15. All Companions are cordially invited to attend.

—Alexander P. Hartnett, *Commander*

**TEXAS PROVISIONAL COMMANDERY**—Once again it is my pleasure to invite all Companions to visit our Headquarters in San Antonio, Texas 78205, Suite 914 Maverick Building. We encourage you to visit our city especially at this

interesting time during which we are celebrating this city's 250th anniversary with an International World Fair known as Hemisfair '68. Our Headquarters is located just two blocks from Hemisfair '68's main entrance. The Fair is scheduled to close October 6, but there is a possibility that it may be extended. We look forward to sharing our celebration with you.

—Porter Fearey, *Commander*

### LOYAL LEGION BULLETIN EDITOR

The following Companions have obtained distinction by literary achievements and a listing of their publications seems in order:

**Francis A. Lord—**

*THEY FOUGHT FOR THE UNION* (1960)

*CIVIL WAR COLLECTOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA* (1963)

*CIVIL WAR BANDS AND DRUMMER BOYS* (1965)

*CIVIL WAR SUTLERS* (1968)

*PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S RAILROAD MAN:*

*HERMAN HAUP* to be published 1969

*CIVIL WAR UNIFORMS* to be published in 1969

**MacKinlay Kantor—**

*ANDERSONVILLE* and others listed in *Who's Who in America*

**James Warner Bellah—**

*SKETCH BOOK* (1923)

*THESE FRANTIC YEARS* (1927)

*THE SONS OF CAIN* (1928)

*GODS OF YESTERDAY* (1928)

*DANCING LADY* (1932)

*WHITE PIRACY* (1933)

*SOUTH BY EAST A HALF EAST* (1936)

*THE BRASS GONG TREE* (1936)

*THIS IS THE TOWN* (1937)

*SEVEN MUST DIE* (1938)

*THE BONES OF NAPOLEON* (1940)

*WARD TWENTY* (1946)

*IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN* (1948)

*THE VALIANT VIRGINIANS* (1953)

*SOLDIERS BATTLE—GETTYSBURG* (1962)

*THE JOURNAL OF COLONEL DE LANCEY* (1967)

A significant item, now that we are meeting in Chicago, the last original member of the Loyal Legion, Thomas Ambrose, Company A, 53rd Kentucky Mounted Infantry, was a member of the Illinois Commandery and quite possibly the last surviving officer of the Union Army died in the city of Chicago in 1947, having reached the ripe young age of over 100 years.

### ANNUAL CONGRESS

The Commandery-in-chief will meet at the Lake Shore Club, 850 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois on the 5th and 6th of October 1968. All Commanderies (Recorders and Commanders) have copies of circular #1 Series 1968, dated October 1, 1968, which sets forth in detail the schedule of events. All Companions are urged to attend this event if at all possible. For details you may contact your local officers or Charles A. Brady, Jr., 343 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60604, who is the host chairman.

An opening cocktail party will be held in the Germania Club, 108 West Germania Place, on Friday, October 4th from 5:00 to 7:00 P.M. Business meetings will be held all day Saturday. The annual literary award dinner will be held in the Old Salem Room of the Lake Shore Club at 7:00 P.M. on Saturday, October 5. The literary award this year will be





*Courtesy Columbia Historical Society*

*Exterior view of the Christian Heurich Mansion showing the rustic brown sand stone front and imposing tower.*

## A Memorable Friend

(Continued from Page 1)

both Companion Hunt and I would have found the obstacles almost insurmountable in carrying on this national event. His merry sense of humor and the twinkle in his eye whenever you brought him a problem will always be remembered.

General Grant was buried in the family plot on Hamilton College campus in Clinton, New York, beside his wife Mrs. Edith Root Grant who preceded him in death in 1962. A special memorial service was held in his honor at the Washington Cathedral on Sunday, September 29th.

—Henry K. McHarg, III

presented to a student at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill. Unfinished business of the Commandery-in-Chief will be completed on Sunday between 10:00 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.

Under Article IV, Section 6, of our Constitution, all Commanderies may be represented at this meeting by designating a member of the Commandery-in-Chief to so represent that Commandery; therefore, it is urged that all Commanderies take advantage of this provision.

An organization is only as strong as the participation of its membership in its affairs, and to restore our Order to vigorous leadership in the affairs of the day we must have attendance at both our local and national meetings. Those of us who are holding the line must see young and vigorous champions come forth. There is so much to do and so little time to do it. Therefore, I hope we all will make a splendid effort to attend this meeting in Chicago.

—Lenahan O'Connell, Commander-in-Chief

## The Columbia Historical Society and the Christian Heurich Mansion

It had been planned to have an article written on the headquarters premises of the D.C. Commandery for some time. General Grant had agreed to prepare the material and was working on it, but now with his passing the privilege of presenting this article falls on your editor. It might be noted that for 16 years General Grant was President of the Society.

The Heurich Mansion was the first fire-proof residence completed in Washington with its 31 rooms. A contemporary description said that every caution and device known in construction of modern office buildings to guard against the ravages of fire had been embodied regardless of cost. This makes it an ideal storage and display building for historic records.

The building was actually deeded to the Columbia Historical Society on January 24, 1956. Christian Heurich left his native Saxony at the age of 21 and sought adventure in our Wild West Frontier and South America. He arrived in Washington in 1872 while the city was in the throes of Governor Shepherd's construction, raising the city out of dust and mud, paving and lighting the streets, and building the water and sewer system. He was able to accumulate some capital and went in the brewery business. He had learned this trade while residing in Baltimore.

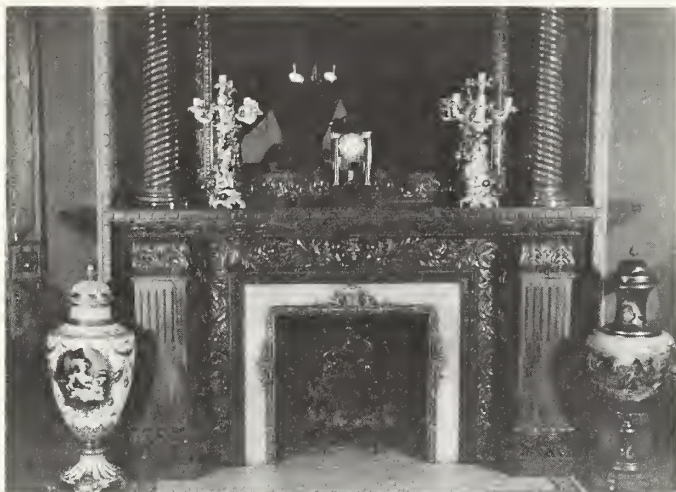
The Heurich Brewery for many years was an imposing



*Courtesy Columbia Historical Society*

*Entrance Hall of the Heurich Mansion*





*Courtesy Columbia Historical Society*

*Beautiful, ornate fireplace with rare unmatched urns located on the main floor.*

structure in what is now known as Foggy Bottom and was a land mark in that area.

A coincidence of his life was in being a resident of the District and for most of his adult life was unable to vote, but he happened to be in Topeka, Kansas in 1868 and cast his only vote for General Grant for President of the United States. He lived a full and active life until the ripe young age of 102 and died in 1945.

The Columbia Historical Society which manages the Heurich Memorial Building is a philanthropic organization dedicated to the collection and preservation of the history and topography of the District of Columbia. The Society was incorporated in 1894 and has held meetings continuously since the 29 founding members organized the Society.

The Society is taking an active interest at this time in the preservation of national landmarks in the Nation's Capital. The Society's source of income is its modest membership dues and voluntary contributions. It receives no Federal or District Government subsidy and is dependent upon unpaid voluntary service for its activities.

Mr. Heurich accepted one honor which he was extremely proud of. In 1905 and in 1912 Duke Georg II of Saxe-Meiningen-and-Hildburghausen wished to confer knighthood on him, but as this is expressly forbidden by the Constitution Mr. Heurich accepted the title of Honorary Citizen of Romhild. He was the first person to receive this honor and the second so honored was General von Hindenburg, First World War hero and post War President of Germany.

—Henry K. McHarg, III

The source material for this article was obtained from permanent records and publications of the Columbia Historical Society.

THE LOYAL LEGION BULLETIN of The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America, published by the Commander-in-Chief of this Order, which was founded April 15, 1865, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, to foster and promote "government of the people, for the people, by the people."

Address all communications to: 1805 Pine Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. Pertinent material will be welcomed from members and others. Subscription \$1.50 per year, paid to Commandery Recorders.

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HENRY K. MCHARG, Editor

## Reminiscences of 65 Years

(Continued from page 1)

appeared, a very tall figure in a very long night-gown, and being made aware of the situation, without saying a word, he lifted the intruder up and silently dropped him down the stairs. President Lincoln was a man of quick and effective decision when the occasion demanded it.

We were introduced to Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, the Secretary of War, who was gathering up some maps in this little room, and then taken to be received very graciously by President Cleveland in his office across the hall. I saw little of Washington on this trip, but mention the above to indicate the informality that prevailed even in the White House.

My next visit was for President McKinley's first inauguration in 1897. I stayed with my Grandmother Grant, who lived in 2111 Massachusetts Avenue (still standing, the house East of the present Cosmos Club) which I remember as the last house on this Avenue; but of course there was beyond it the small house which Mrs. Townsend later incorporated in her palatial residence—let this be a caution against taking such remembered passing impressions as historic facts to be relied upon.

Coming from the old Pennsylvania Railroad station in the Mall to Dupont Circle by street car, I had the stranger's usual difficulty in finding the other end of Massachusetts Avenue, on which there was no lamp post with a street name. However, by a process of elimination I finally found my way to my destination. To one coming from New York, the noticeable lack of traffic in the streets was impressive, as were the broad streets lined with trees.

General Horace Porter, Grand Marshall of the Inaugural Parade, had arranged to have four descendents of Presidents act as his special aides, so I found myself associated with James R. Garfield (afterwards Secretary of the Interior), Webb Hayes and Russell Harrison. We were mounted on mild horses probably from Fort Myer, but in spite of the vivid impression of the festive and gala character of the crowd and Pennsylvania Avenue, I was chiefly concerned with keeping my hat on my head, as it was the first time I had ever worn a high silk hat. In the evening I attended the Inaugural Ball with my aunt, Mrs. Sartoris, and cousins in the old Pension Office Building. It was a gorgeous and impressive occasion, and I was glad to note recently that this historic building, an Americanized copy of the Farnese Palace in Rome and the scene of many such events, and in a measure a memorial to the Union Soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, was one of those recommended for preservation in the recent exhibit of "Architecture Worthy of Preservation" of the American Institute of Architects.

With the Corps of Cadets from West Point I again came to Washington for the second Inaugural of McKinley in 1901, and once more visited my Grandmother, al-

EDITORS NOTE—Rather than list the many of General Grant's experiences this article which is appearing with the permission of the Columbia Historical Society was published in *The Records of the Columbia Historical Society of Washington, D.C. 1957-59*. This lets General Grant tell his own story.





*Photograph by Clinedinst*  
*U.S. Grant 3rd—Photograph taken 1905, Courtesy Columbia Historical Society.*

though most of the Corps was quartered in the old Ebbitt House, since demolished. The day of the parade was cold and rainy and the ride up the Avenue, again as a special aide to the Grand Marshall with Cadets Phillip Sheridan and Douglas MacArthur, was most uncomfortable. The Inaugural Ball in the Old Pension Office that evening was once more a very impressive affair; but aside from the same general impression of our City even in gala attire, my principal interest and recollections centered about the opportunity afforded to see something of the daughter of the then Secretary of War, whom I later persuaded to become Mrs. Grant.

It was not until November 1904, when I was ordered back to Washington from the Philippine Islands and stationed in Washington Barracks (now the National War College) on duty with the 2nd Battalion of Engineers, and to take the course at the Engineer School, that I really became acquainted with Washington. In addition to these duties I was also assigned as assistant to the Officer in Charge of Public Buildings and Grounds and aide at the White House. In the latter capacity I was on duty only for special occasions, the formal receptions and such important events as the wedding of "Princess" Alice Roosevelt to Congressman Longworth. But this duty gave me a very agreeable entree to the Society of the Capital, which was still so limited in the number of those who "belonged" that it was most friendly and agreeable. We youngsters were often included in very important dinner parties with a few other friends of the daughter of the house, so we had the privilege of personal acquaintance with many of the Nation's leaders, the Cabinet, the

Supreme Court, the great men in Congress and the Diplomatic Corps. Friendships were made, in spite of differences in rank and experience, that are now treasured memories.

And how good the food was! I sometimes wonder now in retrospect how we ever could have eaten of all those courses and survived. The most stylish dinners usually began with oysters in season and terrapin, apparently unobtainable today and as obsolete as the dinosaur. Then followed a fish course, a roast meat, a course of delicious partridges or quail, a salad with cheese, and a dessert, finally fresh fruit. Of course, there were appropriate vegetables, neither canned nor frozen but fresh with most of their individual bouquet and taste, and a fine selection of wine for each course. There was a wide choice of game in the market and most of the cooks were artists who took more interest in their art than in union hours and high wages. Americans even of moderate means lived well in those days.

Many brilliant and delightful balls were given in private houses and at Rauschers. One of the chief social events was the annual Bachelor's Cotillon at the Willard Hotel, with which the bachelors of the city tried to return in a measure the hospitality extended to them by their many gracious hostesses. The first automobile to drive in our streets had appeared in 1896, and by 1904 only a few automobiles were beginning to appear and frequently they were stalled in the streets because of mechanical troubles. Captain Fortescue, another of the White House aides, had one in which he generously gave our little crowd many a ride and which we with the ingratitude of youth nicknamed "the Perhaps" because you reached your destination in it and perhaps you did not. The electric brougham came into fairly general use by ladies, but horse drawn vehicles still furnished the general transportation for such as could afford them. The old herdic cabs of rather special design, and with old drivers with whom mothers were willing to trust their daughters to go home from parties, were one of the specialties of Washington, but the daughters were always accompanied by a maid if not a companion chaperone.

There were theaters with good plays during the winter, and one stock company through the summer; beside Chase's "Polite Vaudeville" and some less polite. Usually, the Metropolitan Opera Company came down from New York for a week every year.

New Year's Day was a great day socially: all male officialdom called on the President and his wife at the White House in the morning. In the afternoon the Ladies of the Cabinet all received formally, with tea and a profusion of sandwiches, cakes, etc. All of us in the armed services and the Diplomatic Corps were expected to call on them and for us youngsters the young ladies of each household and a few of their friends made each call a pleasure and an event. Those of us in the service wore full dress uniforms; while the civilians were careful to wear frock coats or cutaways, high collars and high hats. The noisy and loud speaking cocktail party had not yet intruded itself.

A ride in an open street car was a cooling treat on hot summer days, and at the proper time of year a car—I think on the "P" Street line at DuPont Circle—used





*Courtesy Columbia Historical Society*  
View of the Auditorium located on the first floor of the mansion.

to appear with the inviting legend: "Beautiful Spring! Birds are singing! Flowers are blooming along the Potomac! Take Cabin John Car." It took forty minutes to go from the center of the northwest residential district to the old Chevy Chase Club by car. Streets were still lighted with gas; but the main charm and characteristic of Washington was due to the trees, which lined the streets and the little city squares, and gave the city the appearance of a city in a park. The trees not only shaded the sidewalks on hot days, but also protected people living on the second floor and above from the reflected heat of the pavements and muffled the sound of the occasional passing iron tired vehicles. The population was about 300,000 and most people resided within walking distance of the central business district. The 1901 McMillan Commission had made its great report, the Federal Government was contributing half of the District budget, and people saw the possibilities of the Capital "as a work of art"—what to my mind was the Golden Age of Washington had begun, to last about a quarter of a century.

Thomas Nelson Page, one of our famous citizens, wrote at about this time: "Travellers from all over the world go home today with impressions of a capital city set in a park, still unfinished, yet endowed by nature with beauties which centuries of care would not equal and beginning to show the greatness which, designed by the founders of its plan, has, though often retarded by folly, been promoted from time to time by the farsightedness of some of the great statesman and by the genius of some of the great artists of our generation. Yet, even fifty years ago, the place must have had a beauty of its own, a beauty of trees and gracious slopes which must have appealed to those who, unlike Mammon, were willing to lift their eyes from the pavement to the skies. The Capitol, the White House, the Treasury and the old Patent Office, stood then as now gleaming in the sunshine, with their beautiful proportions speaking of a race of architects whose successor had not yet appeared; the gracious mansions lying in the part of the city to the south-west of the White House and crowning the heights of Georgetown, amid their noble groves, must already have given Washington a charm which made it worthy to be the Capital of the nation; while below the Potomac on its course to the sea, as if resting from the turmoil of rapids, spread a silvery lake which has no counterpart in the precincts of any Capital." (To be continued)

## BOOK REVIEWS

"SPURS TO GLORY. THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY." By James M. Merrill. Chicago, New York, etc., Rand McNally & Co., 1966. \$6.95.

Interestingly written, though rambling, James M. Merrill has written a history of the cavalry from its inception in 1833. Through selected episodes he has attempted to show the many-sided history of the cavalry. He dubs his book, "popular"; truer words were never spoken, for there is little in his story for the specialist or the student. Merrill lists an impressive bibliography, but he has not plumbed deeply into cavalry lore.

Four chapters are concerned with the Civil War and they proved to be a distinct disappointment. Long passages are quoted without identifying either the writer or the source from which the material has been extracted. I was surprised to find that the Confederates lost more men at Brandy Station than the Union forces.

The book suffers from a complete absence of maps.

"DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY. A HISTORY OF WEST POINT." By Stephen E. Ambrose. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1966. \$8.00.

Here is the best history of West Point. Written by a non-graduate, it is a well-balanced, carefully organized objective study of the history of the military academy. The book is written with verse. The characterizations of the various Superintendents are concise, but graphic. The Civil War portion is told with restraint, but with considerable pride for the graduates on both sides. Ambrose makes one wish he could be part of the "West Point Story."

"GENERAL WILLIAM J. HARDEE: OLD RELIABLE." By Nathaniel Cheairs Hughes, Jr., Baton Rouge, Louisiana State University Press. \$8.50.

Written largely from official records (since few Hardee papers exist) Hughes has penned a superb military biography of Hardee. Missing is a well-rounded portrait of Hardee the man, largely the result of insufficient available data. In this reviewer's opinion Hughes has succeeded admirably in assaying the influence of Hardee upon Confederate military fortunes.

Hardee had two shortcomings as a military man. First, he was reluctant to abandon outmoded military techniques in which he was expert. He never, for example, understood trench warfare. Second, he was characterized by a failure to accept large responsibilities. Hughes believes, and this reviewer concurs, that he fell short of greatness because of these two weaknesses.

Hardee had varying fortunes during the war which are traced adequately and judiciously. Campaigns and battles are described with verve and keen insight. One glaring weakness of the book is the complete absence of maps.

This is a fine biography of one of the Confederacy's ablest corps commanders.

— Reviewed by ELDON (JOSH) BILLINGS



## The Chaplains in the Volunteer Army

*Prepared by Companion James H. Bradford,  
Chaplain, U.S. Volunteers*

How indifferent one got to danger; how hardened to exposure! How impossible in the midst of shot and shell, wounded men, and confusion incident to a battle to impress oneself with its importance any more than with daily life now! Even after the carnage was passed and one went over the field, seeing dead horses and men in every direction, no night-dreams disturbed slumber under the stars; for one was so tired, sleep would quench all visions of misery and hush the sounds of suffering which had been companions all the day.

Oh, the helplessness of man in battle! Just as at sea when the storm roars, if the ship goes down it would seem useless to try to get anywhere, so the very absurdity of trying to find safety in battle no doubt prevented many scared men from running away.

After the fight, when the full moon looked down upon the stillness, to go along the lines of wounded men who suffered in silence, saying a cheering word here and there, securing messages for home and loved ones, and last words of patient heroic souls when the life was ebbing away; to stand over the long trench where, enshrouded in coffinless blankets, lay those who had died that their country might live, and say the well-known words: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"—the chaplain's message, not to the dead, but to the living—how like a dream all this history appears now! There was no monotony in a chaplain's life. No one could tell what a day might bring forth. When the weather permitted dress parade, he was present, and for a few brief moments the sound of command was hushed, while the voice of prayer for protection, for loved ones at home, for country, for sick and dying comrades, rose on the evening air.

When the dusky servants became eager to imitate the white man in the new-found liberty in founding a home, the chaplain was sent for, and in the captain's tent, in the dim candle-light, when the camp was hushed to rest, with the adjutant and a few lieutenants as witnesses, in the most grave and solemn manner the holy knot was tied—and the usual ceremony of kissing the bride was dispensed with. It was stated that one chaplain in Louisiana spent a part of one Sabbath in digging sweet potatoes, and another one a Sabbath evening in butchering sheep. It is not known whether they had lost their calendar or considered that a work of necessity and mercy. At times a chaplain was called upon to minister to dying Con-

federates; captured or wounded in battle; at others to follow his own or the men of other regiments who had no chaplain to be deposited in a grave nearly filled with water, and to hear among the dismal swaying gray moss on the trees an owl set up his most plaintive note during the solemn service. He listened to the zip of the bullets and was spattered with mud from an exploding shell during the day, and at night rode for miles to hunt up the lost cooks and get coffee and hard bread for the hungry, growling men at the front. He washed in a retired pool his only red shirt, and while it dried in the sunshine tried with the same water to discover his own skin. He volunteered to bring up the paymaster, who had not been seen for months, starting down the railroad on a platform car in the night, pushed by an engine with only one side in working order, and in the darkness ran into the approaching paymaster on a hand-car, scattering his greenbacks for rods along the track, but fortunately, by the aid of lanterns, recovering enough to balance his cash minus a few cents. He rode captured horses in the night to try their mettle, because the major was a little timid. He bought eggs for the boys by the barrel, and the tub of oranges in his tent-door was free to all while they lasted. When his horse was captured he could go on foot, meanwhile admiring those laws in some Western States that hang men for stealing horses. He could scout around a deserted colored camp to find four bodies left behind unburied, and spend the closing hours of a beautiful Sabbath in placing them decently beneath the sod, or spend the same holy hours in planting a hedge of evergreens about the mound where were laid more than twenty fallen comrades, representatives of ten companies, who fell in a few moments along the pike in that sharp morning fight. A fitting spot for a soldier's monument! He could speak to the men, formed into a hollow square, of the land of perfect peace, the abode where hunger and thirst are unknown, and "where God shall wipe away the tears from every eye"; or, standing on a box, address swarms of the dusky race, who had taken refuge in camp, fleeing, some of them, with shot in their backs or iron collars [the chaplain here showed an iron collar taken from a colored man in Louisiana] about their necks or ankles, from the only place they had known as home, to go they knew not where—speak to them of a life of freedom and a home from which they should go no more out forever. So, with varied duties, always busy, the days and weeks, summer and winter, flew by until the end came, the term of service closed, and friendships were welded in that strange life never to be forgotten. Like all our army life, these scenes seem unreal, like tales of adventure we have sometimes read in a book long ago; and it requires an effort to believe that this great prosperous country of ours was ever so enshrouded in gloom.

Stories of what the chaplain did, and what the army mule did, have passed together into history. How the former prayed and the latter brayed have sometimes pointed a story; but if all the work and influence and life of the chaplains of the volunteer army could be blotted out of history, there would be left a blank not less conspicuous than that of the same number of officers of equal rank in any part of the service. The form of the

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## BEQUESTS

Headquarters has received numerous requests from Companions for a sample form which may be used in a Companion's "will" which will benefit the Commandery-in-Chief and the Loyal Legion Memorial Fund, both of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. Here below are simple forms to use.

All such contributions and deductions made to the Memorial Trust are deductible as provided in Section 170 of the Code of the Internal Revenue Service. Bequests, legacies, devises, transfers or gifts to or for the use of the trust are deductible for Federal estate and gift tax purposes under the provisions of Sections 2055, 2106 and 2522 of the Code. For further information contact headquarters at 1805 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

"I give and bequeath to the Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States the sum of \$..... free and clear of all estate, inheritance and succession taxes."

"I give and bequeath to the Loyal Legion Memorial Fund of The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States the sum of \$..... free and clear of all estate, inheritance and succession taxes."

chaplain is not represented in bronze, or marble, or stone, but he will live in the hearts of some who knew him in the dark days of war, and if stories are sometimes told to his discredit—which doubtless have some foundation—until the last comrade is laid away and the last word of peace chanted over his grave the chaplain's work will not be done, or his deeds forgotten. In so far as the chaplains, with all their failures and frailties—for they are very human—helped on the cause represented by the dear old flag, they rejoice, if still alive; and if they have followed the long line of their fellow-soldiers into the realms of the unknown, I may safely affirm that they never saw the day they were sorry to have had the experience of a few months or a few years in the volunteer army of '61 to '65.

## In Memorium

Caldwell, Dumont—Indiana Commandery, August 27, 1968  
Grant, Ulysses S., 3rd—D.C. Commandery, August 29, 1968  
Mathewson, Henry L.—California Commandery, July 1968  
Meserve, Frederick L.—New York Commandery, 1968  
Proctor, Mortimer R.—Vermont Commandery, July 1968  
Wrinkler, William K.—Illinois Commandery, 1966





